Per. May ſee the ſea hath caſt vpon your coaſt.

2. What a drunken knaue was the ſea,
To caſt thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde.
In that va ſte tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreats you pitty him:
He askes of you, that neuer vſde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heer's them in our Country of *Greece*.
Gets more with begging then we can do with working

2. Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?

Per. I neuer practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt ſtarue ſure; for heere's nothing
to be got now-adaies vnleſſe thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I haue bene, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on,
A man throngd vp with cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may ſuffice
To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you ſhall refuſe when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray ſee me buried.

1. Die ke- tha, now gods forbid, I haue a gowne heere, come
put it on, keepe thee warme: now a fore me a handſome fellow:
Come, thou ſhalt goe home, and wee'l haue fleſh for all day, fiſh
for faſting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-iacks, and
thou ſhalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you ſir.

2. Harke you my friend, You ſaid you could not beg.

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue? then Ile turne crauer too,
And ſo I ſhall ſcape whipping.

Per. why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were
whipt I would wiſh no better office, then to be Beadle. But Ma-
ſter Ile go draw the net.

Per. How well this honeſt mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you ſir, do you know where ye are?

Per.

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoles*.
And our, King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?

1. I ſir, and he deſernes ſo to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernment.

Per. He is a happy King, ſince he gaines from
His *Subiects*, the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his Court diſtant from this ſhore?

1. Marry ſir, halfe a daies iourney: and Ile tell you, hee hath a
faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are
Pirnces and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Iuſt &
Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my deſires,
I could wiſh to make one there.

1. O ſir, things muſt be as they may: and what a man
cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wiues ſoule.

Enter the two Fiſher-men drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe, Maſter, helpe, heere's fiſh hangs in the Net, like a
poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out. Ha bots-
on't, tis come at laſt, and tis turnd to a ruſty Armour.

Per. An Armour, friends, I pray you let me ſee it.
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all croſſes,
Thou giueſt me ſome what to repaire my ſelfe:
And though it was mine owne, part of my heritage
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this ſtrict charge, euen as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a ſhield
Twixt me and death; and pointed to this Prayſe:
For that it ſaued me, keepe it in like neceſſity:
The Which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept Where I kept, I ſo dearely loued it.
Till the rough Seas (that ſpares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath giuen't againe
I thanke thee for t, my ſhipwrack now's no ill,
Since I haue here my fathers gift in's will.

1. What